Oct 30/1930

were shewed & we played a game called Pink Nines & I, being
Third won a prize of a Xmas pudding; & Leonard being
Booby won a spotted tie; & all we all went into supper (down
Chin bow for) & I sat at the table of honour with my mother-in
law — there were four tables, some less honourable than the others —
& cakes & soup were handed, anchovy sandwiches & cold sausage rolls.
And then Herbert, the Eldest son, rose & drank to "Our mother, the most
marvellous mother, mother-in-law & friend" & my mother-in-law
thanked us, "The most perfect, loving & (she could not remember a third
epithet) human of children" & what I think was that though she was
old & grown & grown-ups she loved, like a child, "And now let's finish our
sausage rolls" — this spontaneous bubbling childishness - when he parcels
for chocolate creams & Negus cake - being her charm for me. Indeed,
in spite of the Glummers, Grummers & oh the intolerable medoh clan
friendly reluctability & lack of accent Dulcinea adventure
dark, dowdy colour - I can't describe to you the low level of all
these Cheltenham people, one to their conformity of cars, dogs, country
houses & gardens, — in spite of my damned snobbishness about them, I
always feel slightly warmed & overcome by the entire absence of
pretence, the goodness, the rightness - of this right to people the
world - of the vast family to which an Herbert and, I have the honour to belong.

By the way, what are the arguments against suicide? You know
what a Hitherto-forbidden Jam: such there suddenly comes in a
Thunderclap a sense of the complete uselessness of my life. It's
like suddenly running one's head against a wall at the end of a blind
alley. Now what are the arguments against that sense — oh it
would be better to end it"? I need not say that I have no sort of
intention of taking any steps: I simply want to know - as you are so
masterly & triumphant - Catching your train, not running too fast —
what are the arguments against it?

V.

Refd 2.4.63

+ Back at 5.2 & find your letter. By all means come tomorrow 5.30. I shall be in, though probably not alone -

Monks House
Sunday 2nd Nov. 1930

Yes. I think even allowing for Woolf coldness, that it is a perfect Bloomsbury memoir - humorous, tender intimate at the same time reserved, presenting L.T.S. not as a black silhouette pinned to a sheet but as a coloured & rounded living moving & thinking creature with free will in the open air. It's extraordinary how you have got such character & movement into so slight a compass.

Being a Woolf, of course I make one or two reservations - that there is perhaps a little too much of justification, as if you felt called upon to defend H.B. (but then I suppose his obscurity necessitated this); & a little too much Maria Baring, or rather, La M.B. is admirable, ~~a little too~~ ~~rather~~ too like Ethel. (It's just conceivable, but this I advance with great hesitation that the juxtaposition of H.B. & M.B. & M.B. on H.B. is a little too close - has a little the effect of a duologue/ - but I don't feel certain & only make this remark tentatively)

And certainly I should have liked more of W Bi's own letters, became however delicate & discriminating the performing of friends, nothing describes character like a letter- (But then, there is to be a long one, letter in my copy.)

But these reservations advanced, & I am the first to understand your wish to be confirmed & unequivocal, I dont see that it could be better, or more vivid, or more complete. How I enjoyed your hit at Gosse — perfect; & the freedom & sweep of all your picture, combined with their due direction & precision NYPL — never a word wasted, no diffuseness, & yet all so easy as if you had years & years to write on — those only to use ten hours. This is an effect I can never attain, & the proof of mastery. Only I do wish, all the more, for a whole book: for Ethel in all her force centres to her prey attached.

Accident Jake here. The smoke blowing down the chimneys, as we escape death by falling trees on the road up this afternoon. So much the better. My reflections on Juicedo I leave to later date.

Vi.

Of course Heinemann will take it — even Evans will take a look at it before that.

Friday
14 Nov
1930.

I'm awfully sorry to hear from Mary
that you're in bed — I don't like your being ill.
no, that's the truth. But perhaps by
Sunday you'll be recovered. The doctor says
to avoid draughts. So please, when a draught
comes round the door, think of Virginia.
This is only a brief hurried line — but it
just all to Rodmell. There I shall
read the letters — sitting out I daresay, in
the fish garden, if it's like this. I'm
better — I put this in, only from duty, feeling
myself a robust woman compared with you:
a day's idleness will cure me: a thin
flash into the River again.
Well, anyhow, you must feel you've
earned your dinner, whatever it
sometimes a gratification: & not your

way with like triumphantly. so that the colours
of the sky, as seen from your bed (what do
you see? leaves, branches, creepers?) must
wear a [illegible] certain glory, like NYPL
oh I have only the tail you must cut my
head - can't catch it - must let it go -
must throw my net from me into my bag,
avoiding 24 sanitary towels, which
from charity to a bankrupt woman, I
had to buy; "And my brother" she said
"has £100,000; & how am I hawking these
towels round to ladies who are kinder to me
than my own mother son" Here she
produced the two [illegible] blue packets,
in the middle of the pavement. & the clerks
who were blushing & sighing finally subsided
& had to help me to find 5/- with Ethel
dear this is all great nonsense, I wish
dear Ethel I could see you - VW.

Rota 2.4.63

Monks House: Friday 15 Nov 1930

Not a letter: a scribble over the fire, waiting for dinner. Shall try dear Ethel with cress & roast chicken & some marvellous q stones, ah stuff & cram; something .yo know with jelly rust to the taste in it. I will now tell you about my parties (yo say its a case of reading 6 mercyfuls a day Lick) Now that's right; that's the keep of whooping cough; that's what's wrong to me, Katherine. Chas Thank yo: my 1st party was by command to Oldenia: I was a shocking botheration the night party, which is

a compromise, for one can slip in without trouble pattern-sheets
black shoes which you carry about to perpetuate the Ballet
Archiveracy in a cardboard box mended with safety pins —
No paper fasteners. In this twilight ah the Nature
fenestrae & pomegranates are faded to rose & NYPL
amber, now & then the sky a handful of cedar
shavings upon the sea; dips her hand in a basket
& brings up [illegible] like the entrails of flying fish, coloured
woods, all tangled: there the divers again. And on one side
of the sea sat the sweet Seals on the other the sweet
Dr La Mare — & what were they doing when?
Came in 2. Tossing between them higher & higher

Rota 2.V.63

a dream of Napoleon with ruby eyes. And over my head it went — for what do I know of the inner meaning of dreams, I whose life is almost entirely founded on dreams (yes, I will come to the finest dream one of these days) I mean I know nothing of the spiritual significance of ruby eyes. or a book with concentric rings of black, purple & orange. But Yeats said, as it might be a man identifying a rather rare grass, that is the third state of the soul in contemplation (or words to that effect — struck out surprised for if I set them wrong) And then? — Did I like Milton? Yes. And then —

Dr la Mare does not like Milton. And then—dreams & dreams. & then stories of Irish life in brogue: & then the Lord's attitude to art; & then—(here I was touched, for I daresay not—) then, as the talk got more & more rapt, rapid & erratic, I saw Ottoline stoop her head to what seemed a coal scuttle & apply it to her ear. An ordinary black coal scuttle, unsilt untunnelled, & the apparition of this bare & shabby object had somehow a wonderful effect — & I cried out, in the midst of all the hooting. Heavens Ottoline, are you deaf? And the

NYPL
Rec'd 2.4.63

replied with a sort of noble negligence which struck me very much "Je. Se. juste deaf — " & they lifted the trumpet & listened. Does that touch you? look at dis me, & I saw in a flash ah I admire her for: & thank that noble overlook, in the ~~[illegible]~~ triarwood bramble of her obtuse torturous ness & hypocrisy.

Well that's the meringue: then the next. Did ya Know old Parry, who wrote a march, which is Some circle with Mendelssohn? Of course ya Did: & he had two daughters; & one was Gwen & the other was Dolly. The wound of their nobility lived to

that a cross Kensington Squaw. a Wiltman as a child
I worshipped his bright eyes, feline ways, laughter & woe;
& there he was, seven, at dinner, the wife (NYPL) enchanted
evil window, & Lankest green. All his colour had
faded; his face was touched; & still he had something
arch & flamboyant; but in addition an aspect of the
Neck such as I have only seen in a rather absurd
fantastic pied - Raphael, pecking, sidling, alternately
advancing & making sidelong dashes, as at an
imaginary seed. What is the age? I asked myself,
& then saw her, still dainty, dantyr, this an
odious thing manual at our hostess hand.
And artist Cam: they were both perverts — I
mean converts — I mean lately born into the

Rota 2-4-23

Roman Catholic church - And that was what had
felt in her - Even while she ate her pheasant.

Now I have taken my chicken - in the most
straightforward way in the world. I am
making my Cigar a L. is clipping gramophone
needles. I work 2 hrs — then shall
finish the sentence to her own advantage.
Yes. I think it is. Had a mind write a
very fine close texture. This comes with my
head from dipping into extracts: a fine pattern,
dark spruce & thorn. like the background in an

Rota 2.4.63

Uahan lecture - But I held off reading him till my brain clean to morrow. For love of you, I did not take Chloral at 4·30 this morning — but very weder eyed; I rather doubt if Chloral but the less drugging of the two.

NYPL

One more Mirungnie or Uba macaroon Father, prevising that you in bed, & have time for all this Chatter.

You Know Coleby? How often you have said to me, Fool that you are to Darken Your door & drink that Vermouth - And I have always answered, with my mimulabra waverly, Rear Rear - Well (that's one of your

Packer of Style – a convenient Stepping Stone) broke, a Year ago Coleby lost all his money; ~~him~~ Jane Ito a Son to invest, & he chose America, Even penny Vanished — all his provision for age & retirement; simultaneously, Sir Arthur lost his hearing, his practice, his £20,000 p.a: & there they were with a Necessary Thousand in which to provide all London with Vermouth. The Land, Thirst not be beaten; & promptly turned house-Decorator; ran up a sign in Ebury Street, sold his Rolls Royce, & is now, ~~&~~ literally, at work, in Sinks, behind

decks, running her fingers along frames & whiffing out
I and measures from 9.30 to 7. So I said, Come &
Dine, & she came; & there was an ordinary pâté; & there was
I jumping up to fetch the chicken &c; running round
with cheap French wine: & there & then, she took her
fork & plunged into the ~~beef~~ truffle; & ate to match. All
Ease, hunger, Thatcherism, freedom even: no red on her nails,
& merely lying in an arm chair gossiping &
telling stories of this sale & that millionaire, from
the professional working class ~~Standard~~ Standard, as regards
any woman behind a counter.

Enough. Y.

NYPL
Rota 2.VI.63

Sunday. 16 Nov 1930

Monks House, Rodmell.

Well, I have read them--very good indeed--very subtle, very various, very finely shaded. Here is my tabulation:

31st May 97: I agree (this means to the part scored by you)

30th July 1900. I agree. I also like the last paragraph. "Now I am going to bed &c " to the end. It gives a touch of daily life , and theres very little daily life for the most part.

8th March 1901. This is the letter I should print whole if you have room. In fact, I should shorten others to print it whole. It gives a general map of his psychology which to me at least, explains much otherwise evasive. Nor should I edit and omit personalities. After all, the story is told in Imps; which disposes of the intimacy bogey, and a whole letter seems to me to have far more persuasive effect than one dotted, even if the dots leave out nothing of importance. One feels one has all the facts at ones disposal.

22nd May 1907. I agree (I suppse Ottoline must be ~~W~~ Suppressed?)

7th Jan. 1902. I agree. I like the Annamites very much.

6th Oct. 1902. For some reason, possibly wrong, I dont much like this. It seems a little out of tune, and nobody remembers JOhn Oliver Hobbes. and it reads fadedly, rather--out of date. NYPL

3rd April 04. I agree. I think the description of bad thought and ~~xxxx~~ good thought very true -very good.

7th Sept. 1904. I agree . Again I suppose Vernon cant be printed.

22nd March 05. Yes, quite good, but his literary criticism is not so interesteing here as s ome other remarks, for which I would omit this, if its a case of wanting room.

1st March 08. I agree. ~~I like the Annamites. (I put this in because I forget the date.)~~

~~Index, on 7th 1902,~~

About the snippets-- yes, thats very good -- that gives ~~ex~~ many facets in a bunch. My word, though I should like to have all the letters at length. There is so much finness; and continuity of thought and individuality-- I mean to cut out bits is only to show one bud, one thorn, one leaf.

of a very complex pattern. And he is a quiet and evasive writer who does things by shades so that the interest is diffused, and not in spots and splashes that can be cut out. But I dont see that it could be better done than you suggest. (This letter, I admit, could be better done, a great deal, but I must type for clearness, and the voice of the typewriter snips my mind to bits. And its not a clear mind owing to distractions; but I'd better write now before I begin London again where the distractions will be worse.)

Let me know if I can explain anything more clearly or fully. And say how you are. I will keep the letters till you instruct me.

I'm all agog to read the finished version of the memoir.

These remarks about Clive are) need not say highly Confidential.

52 Tavistock Sqr.

Talland Day
29th Nov. 1930

Ethel dear, I have been a wretch not to write, but I have been out of the mood (not at all for reading letters though) trying to thread my mind in Calm to get this bothersome chapter right, & for ever called off to fit in stupid unpossible Engagements. In this mood, I can't sit down & answer – but that there is no need to go into these Explanations I daresay & I didn't write for 6 months, all in a day would be well –

One can't keep a clear head in London. Here is my brother in law suddenly struck blind of one eye while travelling with a mistress in Italy. The oculist says it may be a serious matter – anyhow he can't read, upon which his rational life depends. Whereupon his old mistress Mary Hutchinson, says "Can I read to you?" & comes & pitches her tent in his room; & has summoned me, as I suppose to go into the whole question of their Relationships this afternoon. You can't think what an odd tangle of Emotions this sets tingling. She used to be so jealous of me; I am now her confidante; Clive used to be so passionate. & now says he wants nothing but peace; then Vanessa, Arranger of women, who when could tolerate Mary cordially, now, whether in Cypriasm a Lament) don't know. Suggests that I should suggest that Mary should take Clive out to Zurich where the Ghastly oculist in Europe lives, & so launch upon another dread of passion, or rather embroilment. For by this time of course, Mary has developed a love affair, this time with a Royal Prince or a Negro Chauffeur – somebody either way entirely beyond our